

HORÆ GERMANICÆ. NO. II.

FAUST'S curse—it will perhaps be recollected we left him uttering one—was an effusion which we might suppose had been dictated by the very breath of his companion, with the very sulphur of whose lungs it seems to be reeking, and resonant with the voice of the old Adam in his heart, an echo and a token to tell him the dispositions of the speaker are all he could desire. So we may reason—but so he reasons not—he is an indefatigable spirit who still thinks nothing done while aught remains to do. The vices and bad passions of solitude have indeed arrived at their lowest depths; but the world hath lower depths, and he must now plunge his victim into these. He loves, after his fashion of loving, a hermit much, but dissipation more; dissipation, that expressive word, that most pernicious thing, that compendium of all the ways by which a human being can possibly go to—Mephistopheles.

Dissipation! it is the consuming fire, which the fruits of genius, the results of thought and study, and the offspring of early hope and promise, have all passed through to Moloch; it is the category and definition which includes all that is not singleness of purpose, consistency, and perseverance; it is the sieve which we exhaust the springs of our youth to fill, and it divides their precious waters in a thousand streams, and wastes them irretrievably. Through all its varied forms and names it may be traced by its effects; sometimes it is loud and riotous and, so, speedily destructive; sometimes it is gay only, and wide outspread in a great round of unmeaning courtesies and vapid amusements; sometimes with a business-like or studious air, it is full of projects, longings sublime and aspirations high, and the beginnings of ten thousand things that end where they begin; but it is forever the same voracious quicksand swallowing up his life who has no fixed pursuit, who allows himself to mistake the meteor fires that cross his pathway, each in their turn, for pole stars.

In social or in solitary life, in all conditions and pursuits, religious or profane, we walk in this hourly danger; of frittering away our time on many objects, and failing of success in all; for this temptation is a wind the devil blows with-

al, and the energies of the mind are scattered. *De profundis clamavi*, I have cried out of its depths, with a voice of warning, a cry from its loud and hollow gulphs to those that shall come after: but they would not believe the warning, though one came to deliver it from the dead. To them the vortex is attractive, but not to Faust; he has been engaged in high pursuits; he has closed with the giants of mortal sense and intellect, wrestled with them, vanquished them, and proved them shadows, and shall he now be amused with a chase of butterflies? He listens scornfully to the proposal and assents to it recklessly; he has no faith in the results, but then he has no fear, nor care for its consequences. The following is an attempt to translate this dialogue from the point where we left off, where a chorus of invisible spirits breaks in with a sort of reply and expostulatory comment to Faust's anathema.

Chorus. Wo—wo—

Thou hast destroy'd it—
This beautiful world,
With powerful arm,
It yields, it shivers,
The demigod's word obeying,
We are conveying
Its fragments to annihilation,
And saying
A lament for the fair and ruined one.
Mighty,
Earth's mightiest son,
Brightly,
Out of its ruin,
Build it anew in thy breast,
And life with new zest
Recommence,
Which thy gentler sense,
Song still renewing,
With joy shall invest.

Mephistopheles.

These little ones
Are of mine, and their tones
How to action and joy they impel thee.
Sagely they tell thee
To fly to the busy haunts of men,
From this lonely den,
Where the blood and the spirit together grow
Stagnant and slow.
Harbour no more this lonely sorrow,
That vulture-like thy life devours;
From men, though bad, thy soul may borrow
Some human thoughts and joyous hours.
Yet deem not that I would confound
With vulgar herds a soul like thine,
No lofty rank or name is mine,
But wilt thou tread with me life's round.
Unite with me, I'll strive to show
What mortals may enjoy below,

And presently engage to do
Thy hopes and wishes service true.
Nay, if but thus thou wilt agree,
Thy instrument and bondsman be.

Faust. And what conditions then must I fulfil?

Meph. Oh nothing—for a good long time at least.

Faust. No, no, the Devil is an *egoïste*,
And not so very prompt from pure good will,
For God's sake thus his neighbor to assist.
Tell the conditions, speak them fairly out,
With such a servant danger comes no doubt.

Meph. I bind myself to thy obedience here,
To know no pause nor rest in serving thee;
And should we meet again in yonder sphere,
Why thou in turn shalt do the same for me.

Faust. Small care for yonder sphere have I.
If this world once in fragments fly,
A new perchance the void may fill;
But let my joys from this their sources borrow,
This sun hath been the witness of my sorrow—
And when I part from these, the morrow
May even bring what chance it will.
I heed not that, nor care to hear
If men hereafter hate or love;
Or if there be in "yonder sphere,"
A part below and part above.

Meph. With views like these what needs delay—
Accept my terms, and even to-day
I shall delight for thee my art to try,
For things unseen till now by mortal eye.

Faust. Poor devil, vain, how vain is all thy art.
Was the high scope of an aspiring heart,
By such a spirit e'er embraced?
Where are thy fruits that satiate not the taste?
And thy red gold, whose ready haste
Quicksilver-like evades the hand?
Thy games for losing only plann'd?
Thy dames, that from our very arms,
Will wink to catch our neighbor's eye?
And Honor, whose ambitious charms,
Like transient meteors shine and fly?
Show me the fruits that while we grasp them, rot;
And trees whose leaves each morning must renew.

Meph. Reproaches such as these affect me not.
That I have gifts like these to give, is true;
But time brings fairer hours, my gentle friend,
Which we with joy and soft repose may crown

Faust. —When I lie joyful in corruption down,
May my existence on the instant end.
Canst thou once flatter me to deem
I do not hate myself, or cast
One instant o'er my soul a gleam
Of pleasure, be the next my last.
These are my terms.

Meph. Agreed.

Faust. 'Tis done and fast.
When I to any instant say
Nay, fleet not thus, thou art so bright,

Then let thy chains assert their prey,
 And swift perdition claim her right.
 Then sound the knell, prepare the pall,
 From thy obedience then be free;
 The clock may stop, the pointer fall,
 And time forever cease for me.

Meph. Think of it well, we shall remember this.

Faust. 'Tis just it should not be forgot.
 But I am firm, your doubts dismiss,
 Since slavery is at last my lot,
 I care not who my master is.

Meph. Well, henceforth your amusement is the task
 To which my powers and talents I must bring—
 Only, since life is an uncertain thing,
 Two lines in writing I'll be bold to ask.

Faust. What, Pedant, must thou have a writing too.
 Unused with honest men to have to do,
 Let it suffice thee that my spoken word
 Shall bind my soul like a recorded vow;
 Though in this reckless world it seems absurd
 That forms of promise should appal me now.
 Yet such a weakness still the heart retains,
 So unresolv'd, enslav'd, our feeble minds.
 Ah, happier those where stedfast Truth remains,
 And late repentance no admission finds;
 But a sealed bond, in vulgar eyes, maintains
 Its rank with bugbears and portentous signs.
 Well, pens must supersede the word,
 Which wax and parchment can record.
 Come, demon, bring thy tablets on,
 Thy paper, parchment, ore, or stone;
 With chisel, pencil, or, with quill
 I'll write, to me 'tis all the same.

Meph. Nay, thus your dazzling rhetoric still
 Shoots far beyond its mark and aim—
 Come, any scrap you please is good,
 Just sign it with a drop of blood.

Faust. Well, well, I'm in the yielding mood,
 So pray play out your silly game.

Meph. 'Tis a strange juice this ink of ours.

Faust. Well, fear not but I hold my vow.
 The earnest aim of all my powers,
 Is that which I have promis'd now.
 Once I aspired, but now despair
 To loftier rank than thine to rise—
 The loftier spirit mock'd my prayer,
 And nature's secrets mock my eyes.
 My thread of thought is snapp'd in twain—
 My sicken'd heart finds knowledge vain—
 And now, let passion sound and try
 The very inmost depths of feeling,
 From mystery's secret veil revealing,
 The wonders that beneath it lie.
 Adown the stream, now rushing by,
 Of time and change, our bark shall fly—
 And so let joy and care,
 And fortune and despair,
 Succeed, and arrive, and depart as they can,
 But action and change are existence for man.

Meph. No bounds nor limits you shall have,
But sip and nibble where you will,
Give each caprice in turn its fill,
And help yourself to what you crave,
Only, set to at once, I want employment—

Faust. Listen, I do not ask thee for enjoyment;
I ask for agitation, I would know
Pain, hate, and love, the stimulus of wo.
My love of science cured hath left a void,
Where every passion is a welcome guest,
And all man ever suffered or enjoyed,
I would embrace within my single breast.
His spirits heights and depths attain and sound
His joys concentrate, all his anguish bear,
Expand my soul to his extremest bound,
And wreck'd at last, his endless ruin share.

Meph. Oh, trust to me, for ages year by year
I've fed to fulness on these fruits unblest.
No man between the cradle and the bier
This ancient leaven ever can digest.
Believe me, friend, for God alone
Was this great universe design'd—
Eternal light surrounds his throne,
But we in darkness are confined,
Senseless of day and night and blind.

It is worthy of remark, that the character of Mephistopheles is in general represented as absolutely passionless, and this exclamation, "oh trust to me," &c. is the only instance in which he shows any thing like pathos or gentle feeling. This was the moment, perhaps, when goodness might have taken the evil one at advantage—might have breathed with a warm and kindly breath on his frozen sympathies, and favored the incipient thaw, by whispering in his ear those well known words of Nature's sweetest spokesman.

Old Nickie Ben
Oh wad ye tak a thot an men',
Ye aiblins might, I dinna ken,
Still hae a stake.
I'm wae to think upon yon den
Even for your sake.

These ideas may be erroneous, but it is not amiss to indulge them, for with such grains of allowance should evil always be represented, and we ought not to admit into our minds even its abstract idea undiluted. Satan, in his own right, may be entitled to no indulgence; but for humanity's sake we ought to show him some; and if we must paint him, we should as much as possible flatter the resemblance. Southey's painter in this respect was decidedly wrong, who set him off for the multitude,

With his teeth and his grin, with his fangs and his scale,
And that, the identical curl of his tail,
Till he had the old wicked one quite.

One other instance occurs toward the end of the work, where Mephistopheles is thrown a little off his guard, or affects to be so, and appears to be in a passion, and even goes so far as to regret that he is deprived of the usual resource of angry people, of venting their spite by giving themselves to the Devil, by the circumstance of being the Devil himself. But to pursue—

Faust. I heed you not.

Meph. 'Tis brave and plain.
But life is short, and art is long,
And chiefly there your views are wrong.
But would you some instruction gain,
Call in a poet, let the wings
Of fancy for his thoughts be spread,
To scan the powers of living things,
And heap the choicest on your head—
The Lion's heart and hardihood—
The Chamois' swiftness in the course—
The Italian's fiery flowing blood—
The Northmen's more enduring force.
The art of joining in one mind
Greatness and cunning, let him find—
And how a young romantic man
May fall in love by rule and plan.
Why such an one I too were fain to see,
Whom I should call a World's Epitome.

Faust. What am I then, if thus debarr'd
From seizing on the crown and prize,
That hang in sight and mock my eyes.

Meph. Why thou art—even what thou art—
Put on perukes of million locks,
Or prop thyself with ell-high socks,
Still art thou—even what thou art.

Faust. I feel it—vainly hath my soul amass'd
Of human thought each richest store and gem;
For when array'd in all, I pause at last,
No spirit or refreshment springs from them.
I am not raised in stature nor in thought,
Nor to Infinity the nearer brought.

Meph. Mine honest friend, your views of things
With other thinkers' views may suit;
But practice yet some comfort brings,
And life is not so bare of fruit.
Why what the devil, this head, these hands,
And feet and limbs at least are thine,
And is not all which ready stands
To serve my ends, as good as mine.
If I've six horses ready here,
I count as mine their speed and power,
And make as well my swift career,
As if my legs were twenty-four.
But come, lay all these thoughts aside,
Let's seek the open world and wide.
And note this well, the man of thought and doubt,
Is like a beast, on barren heaths and dry,
By some infernal spirit nosed about,
While all around him verdant meadows lie.

In these lines, the irregularities of the rhyme follow the order of the original exactly, and those of the metre very nearly, which is a slavish and mechanical fashion of translating, but on the whole the safest. It is the Chinese tailor's principle, of copying into the new coat the rents and patches of the old one, the poor fellow could not trust himself to judge where it had been slashed for ornament, and where it had suffered from carelessness or ill usage. One course or the other must be adopted, either to make a free translation, as it is called, in which case the result will be a new poem, which must depend for its merits on those of the soi-disant translator but actual author; or to adhere faithfully, through good and evil report, to the actual original letter and text: in this case the copy is like the print of a man in the snow, tolerably accurate as far as it goes, and giving you the general ideas of length and breadth nearly enough, but not remarkable for grace, expression, warmth, coloring, or perspective.

The above dialogue results in Faust's acquiescence in Mephistopheles' proposals, and they resolve to depart and see the world together; but just at this moment a youth presents himself to be enrolled among the doctor's scholars, and to make his personal acquaintance. Mephistopheles, while Faust is preparing for his journey in his dressing room, takes his gown and personates him, and amuses himself with astonishing the boy with some unintelligible rhapsodies about the choice of a profession, talking very learnedly, but so as to make the point in question the darker for every sentence. Yet there is a vein of sincerity through the whole, because he has no objection to truth when it serves his purpose, and here in some respects it does so. His leading principle seems to be a realizing sense of the close union, and hand in hand connection, that wisdom maintains with sorrow, and of the ultimate inanity and insufficiency of human science. In urging the boy to study, therefore, he argues *con amore*; he bids him improve his time; reminds him that it flies fast, and he must take no holidays, but increase and store up knowledge. He seems to trust to future occasion to improve this knowledge for his own evil purposes, by misdirection, and to make its sweet fountains pour out bitter waters; in the meantime he talks for all the world like the unexceptionable chairman of an education society, and finishes by writing in the scholar's common-place book an old quotation from himself—Ye shall be as gods, knowing both good and evil.

Their adventures now begin. The first is a tavern scene, with which Faust is forthwith disgusted; the next is a visit to a witch, where he drinks the liquor of rejuvenescence, and falls in love with a magic figure in a mirror, and shortly upon this follows his introduction to Margaret. Her character is beautiful beyond comparison, far beyond imitation or any attempts at translating. Her devoted love for Faust—her instinctive horror of his companion—her misfortunes, madness, crimes, and imprisonment, from which she refuses to be released by the instrumentality of the fiend, and the supernatural voice which proclaims to the baffled lover and tempter, as they retire, that she is saved, though we are left to infer that she dies upon the scaffold, all these make a moving and mighty picture; but bold indeed must be the hand that would copy it. In the action of the piece few other characters are introduced, and those that are, besides these three principal ones, though original certainly and masterly, do not belong to that characteristic order of thought which pervades those of Faust and Mephistopheles, and which distinguishes this poem from all the other productions of men. The scene on the Blocksberg has nothing to do with the main action of the piece, it is a sort of independent interlude, and besides it has been translated by Shelley. The present article, therefore, will be dismissed with a few extracts from the second number of the Foreign Review, where the general scope of the poem and these two principal characters are admirably touched on, by a writer whose Germanized tastes and habits of thought, give a peculiar zest and interest to his eloquent contributions to that able, but now extinct periodical, and to the Foreign Quarterly in which it is merged.

“*Faust* is emphatically a work of Art; a work matured in the mysterious depths of a vast and wonderful mind: and bodied forth with that truth and curious felicity of composition, in which this man is generally admitted to have no living rival. To reconstruct such a work in another language; to show it in its hard yet graceful strength; with those slight witching traits of pathos or of sarcasm, those glimpses of solemnity or terror, and so many reflexes and evanescent echoes of meaning, which connect it in strange union with the whole Infinite of Thought,—were business for a man of different powers than has yet attempted German translation among us. In fact, *Faust* is to be read not once but many times, if we would understand it: every line, every word has its purport; and only in such minute

inspection will the essential significance of the poem display itself. Perhaps it is even chiefly by following these fainter traces and tokens that the true point of vision for the whole is discovered to us; and we stand at last in the proper scene of Faust; a wild and wonderous region, where in pale light, the primeval Shapes of Chaos, as it were, the Foundations of Being itself, seem to loom forth, dim and huge, in the vague Immensity around us; and the life and nature of Man, with its brief interests, its misery and sin, its mad passion and poor frivolity, struts and frets its hour, encompassed and overlooked by that stupendous All, of which it forms an indissoluble though so mean a fraction. He who would study all this must for a long time, we are afraid, be content to study it in the original."

"Mephistopheles comes before us, not arrayed in the terrors of Cocytus and Phlegethon, but in the natural indelible deformity of wickedness; he is the Devil, not of Superstition, but of Knowledge. Here is no cloven foot, or horns and tail: he himself informs us that, during the late march of intellect, the very Devil has participated in the spirit of the age, and laid these appendages aside.* Doubtless, Mephistopheles 'has the manners of a gentleman;' he 'knows the world;' nothing can exceed the easy tact with which he manages himself; his wit and sarcasm are unlimited; the cool heartfelt contempt with which he despises all things, human and divine, might make the fortune of half a dozen 'fellows about town.' Yet, withal, he is a devil in very deed; a genuine Son of Night. He calls himself the Denier, and this truly is his name; for, as Voltaire did with historical doubts, so does he with all moral appearances; settles them with a *N'en croyez rien*. The shrewd, all-informed intellect he has, is an attorney intellect; it can contradict, but it cannot affirm. With lynx vision, he descries at a glance the ridiculous, the unsuitable, the bad; but for the solemn, the noble, the worthy, he is blind as his ancient Mother. Thus does he go along, qualifying, confuting, despising; on all hands detecting the false, but without force to bring forth, or even to discern, any glimpse of the true, Poor Devil! what truth should there be for him? To see Falsehood is his only Truth; falsehood and evil are the rule, truth and good the exception which confirms it. He can believe in nothing, but in his own self-conceit, and in the indestructible

* This is a mistake; Mephistopheles says he cannot get rid of the cloven foot, but has learned to disguise it by padding—"waden."

baseness, folly, and hypocrisy of men. For him, virtue is some bubble of the blood: 'it stands written on his face that he never loved a living soul.' Nay, he cannot even hate: at Faust himself he has no grudge; he merely tempts him by way of experiment, and to pass the time scientifically. Such a combination of perfect Understanding with perfect Selfishness, of logical Life with moral Death; so universal a denier, both in heart and head,—is undoubtedly a child of Darkness, an emissary of the primeval Nothing; and coming forward, as he does, like a person of breeding, and without any flavor of brimstone, may stand here, in his merely spiritual deformity, at once potent, dangerous, and contemptible, as the best and only genuine Devil of these latter times.

"In strong contrast with this impersonation of modern worldly-mindedness, stands Faust himself, by nature the antagonist of it, but destined also to be its victim. If Mephistopheles represent the spirit of Denial, Faust may represent that of Inquiry and Endeavor: the two are, by necessity, in conflict; the light and the darkness of man's life and mind. Intrinsically, Faust is a noble being, though no wise one. His desires are towards the high and true; nay, with a whirlwind impetuosity he rushes forth over the Universe to grasp all excellence; his heart yearns towards the infinite and the invisible; only that he knows not the conditions under which alone this is to be attained. Confiding in his feeling of himself, he has started with the tacit persuasions, so natural to all men, that *he* at least, however it may fare with others, shall and must be *happy*: a deep-seated, though only half-conscious conviction lurks in him, that wherever he is not successful, fortune has dealt with him *unjustly*. His purposes are fair, nay, generous: why should he not prosper in them? For in all his lofty aspirings, his strivings after truth and more than human greatness of mind, it has never struck him to inquire how he, the striver, was warranted for such enterprises; with what faculty Nature had equipped him; within what limits she had hemmed him in; by what right *he* pretended to be happy, or could, some short space ago, have pretended to *be* at all. Experience, indeed, will teach him, for 'Experience is the best of schoolmasters; only the school-fees are heavy.' As yet, too, disappointment, which fronts him on every hand, rather maddens than instructs. Faust has spent his youth and manhood, not as others do, in the sunny crowded paths of profit, or among the rosy bowers of pleasure, but darkly and alone in the search of Truth: is it

fit that Truth should now hide herself; and his sleepless pilgrimage towards Knowledge and Vision, end in the pale shadow of Doubt? To his dream of a glorious higher happiness, all earthly happiness has been sacrificed; friendship, love, the social rewards of ambition were cheerfully cast aside, for his eye and his heart were bent on a region of clear and supreme good; and now in its stead, he finds isolation, silence, and despair. What solace remains? Virtue once promised to be her own reward; but because she does not pay him in the current coin of worldly enjoyment, he reckons her too a delusion; and, like Brutus, reproaches as a shadow, what he once worshiped as a substance. Whither shall he now tend? For his load-stars have gone out one by one; and as the darkness fell, the strong steady wind has changed into a fierce and aimless tornado. Faust calls himself a monster, 'without object, yet without rest.' The vehement, keen, and stormful nature of the man is stung into fury, as he thinks of all he has endured and lost; he broods in gloomy meditation, and, like Bellerophon, wanders apart, 'eating his own heart;' or, bursting into fiery paroxysms, curses man's whole existence as a mockery; curses hope and faith, and joy and care, and what is worst, 'curses patience more than all the rest.' Had his weak arm the power, he could smite the Universe asunder, as at the crack of Doom, and hurl his own vexed being along with it into the silence of Annihilation."

AN INKLING OF AN ADVENTURE.

[BY A TOURIST IN KENTUCKY.]

"IF a naturally romantic country were all that novel writers required in pitching the scene of their fictitious narratives, the plot of many a story would be laid in Kentucky.

You are quite right, my dear K, in supposing that there is a great deal of romantic and picturesque scenery in the lower and eastern parts of the state, and much to repay the lover of Nature, who is willing to bear fatigue and exposure, for the sake of seeing her untrammelled by the fetters of art. Some admire the court beauty, others the peasant; my own admiration belongs to her who holds a middle station. Such is my taste in nature, I like to see art her hand-